This City's Six Rivals.

THE "STANDARD" PUTS THE BEST FOOT FORWARD FOR THE TOWNS IN THE RACE.

Written for the Standard's Capital Edition.

The men who selected the site for the city of Great Falls made an arduous journey of many days and many miles before they found the spot that seemed to them the best place for a town. The trip was made in the spring of 1885. Among the members of the party were C. A. Broadwater, James J. Hill, Paris Gibson, Martin Maginnis and Samuel W. Thorn. The place finally selected, near the junction of the Missouri with the Sun river and close to the famous falls of the Missouri, proved to be a wise choice. On the site to-day stands a thrifty city with as fine business blocks as any in the state, with 8,000 people, with ample banks, and a vast amount of business.

The registry books measure the growth of Great Falls. The completed lists show that the city will cast 2,188 votes in the November election, a total which gives Great Falls a remarkable record for growth during the six years it has been on earth. Four years ago Great Falls had about 300 people—that was the time when the Great Northern pushed its way into the town.

To-day the Montana Central brings the city into direct connection with Butte, the Great Falls & Canada road makes a highway for railway traffic in connection with the Canadian Pacific, the Sand Coulee branch opens up some of the most extensive coal fields of the Northwest and the Neihart branch brings the city into immediate communication with mining camps that promise to be immensely productive.

The ability possessed by Great Falls in its water power is almost incalculable. Its total developed horse power is 32,867, its undeveloped power is estimated at 235,000. The famous water power in Minneapolis is 52,000.

To the visitor who sees Great Falls for the first time, the place is like a revelation. The city looks for all the world like a coming metropolis. Those who laid out the town took thought for the future. The streets are broad. Care was had for ample room for parks. The glorious stream that skirts the city was made the most of in the way of landscape effect, and the business blocks that line the main thoroughfares are as substantial as the best in the state. Trees which have been set out for miles along the highways are doing well; the electric railroad is a successful achievement, and suburban Great Falls offers unusual attractions. Its hotels are excellent, its opera house is a gem, its clubs are successful.

The citizens of Great Falls have planned for a big city—the man who predicts that they are to be disappointed would not be able to prove his prediction on the present showing. The city of Montana, old or young, that intends to surpass Great Falls in population and business ten years hence, will have to rustle hard.

BOZEMAN.

When, in the year 1864, old John Bozeman led a band of pioneers westward, passing through the Bad Lands and Eastern Montana, they longed for the green grass and the leafy trees they had left behind them in the East. They reached the Gallatin valley with its bracing air, its sunny skies, its rich, green fields and thick forests, and the pilgrims one and all cried out, "Here we rest!"

So the town of Bozeman was formed, one of the earliest settled portions of Montana. The coal and the minerals were hid deep in the earth, and naturally the first settlers turned their attention to agriculture. It was not to be expected that John Bozeman and his fellow pioneers would be left in undisputed possession of this garden spot. The Indians had discovered that their cattle became fatter, their ponies waxed fleeter, the game of all kinds was sweeter and more plentiful, their arrows flew truer, and they lived longer in the peerless Gallatin valley than anywhere else. So the valley was baptized in blood, and in 1867 John Bozeman, founder of Montana's loveliest city, was killed by the red men.

Chief among Bozeman's resources is its rich inheritance in the soil of the Gallatin valley. It lies at the head of this superb valley, which is 30 by 40 miles in extent. One-half of the wheat, oats, barley and vegetables raised in Montana is produced in this valley. It has the best of all protective tariffs against outside competition in the freight tariff. Owing to the plentiful water, the crops of the valley never fail to yield enormously. Its totals foot up annually 110,000,000 pounds of oats, 25,000,000 pounds of wheat and 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 pounds of barley. The mills manufacture 18,000,000 pounds of flour. In addition are the small products in raising which fortunes are being made. On the farm of R. P. Menefee in the year 1876, there was raised an average of 66 bushels of oats per acre on 70 acres. In 1877 on the same number of acres the average was 68 bushels; and in 1878, 65 bushels. In 1879 the average on 110 acres was 82 bushels; in 1880 on 100 acres, 48 bushels; in 1881, 77½ bushels; in 1882, on 114 acres, 85 bushels, and in 1883, on 130 acres, 54½ bushels to the acre. In 1884, on 89 acres, the average was 49 bushels, and in 1885, on 99 acres, 60½ bushels. That is an unbroken record of big crops for 10 years, and Mr. Menefee's neighbors have similar stories to tell. In fact, 110 bushels of oats have been raised to the acre in the valley, and from 45 to 65 bushels of wheat.

One reason of this unparalleled productiveness is that there is probably a greater rainfall in Bozeman's vicinity than anywhere else in the state. While in 1890 the Beaverhead, the Big Hole and other streams in the state were dry not a single stream in the Gallatin valley failed to flow. Every drop of water that forms the Missouri river passes through this valley. This abundant water supply is one of the main sources of Bozeman's wealth, for no matter to what proportions its agriculture may expand, there will always be an abundance of water.

Three years ago an irrigating ditch, 24 miles long and 24 feet wide on the bottom, capable of carrying 10,000 inches of water, was constructed. In 1890 a Brooklyn syndicate purchased of the Northern Pacific Railroad company 20,000 acres of railroad land in the western part of the valley and started a ditch which will be 35 miles long and 50 feet on the bottom, and will carry 25,000 inches of water. A third ditch has been built by farmers and others, 24 feet wide on the bottom, that will be 15 miles long, from the West Gallatin river. These three ditches are entirely new and will increase the agricultural products of the valley at least double.

In addition to these canals from the West Gallatin, one of the three principal forks of the Missouri, there are 27 plentiful mountain streams from a circuit all around the east, north and southern part of the valley. From these streams innumerable ditches have been dug privately in all directions.

The Brooklyn syndicate referred to as purchasing land from the Northern Pacific road, has purchased 10,000 acres in addition from private owners. Raising barley is a specialty. Experience has shown that the Montana barley is even superior to that raised in Canada for malt. The agricultural possibilities of the vicinity of Bozeman are incalculable. Small fortunes are in store for those who will engage in vegetable farming and poultry raising for the Butte market.

Second in importance among the resource of Bozeman is the coal mining. It was in 1869 that Colonel Chestnut of Bozeman discovered coal in the town's vicinity. It is superfluous to state that the coal is not chestnut coal, although discovered by Colonel Chestnut. From the hour of discovery the coal interests have been gradually developed until 350 to 400 tons a day are extracted within 12 to 15 miles of Bozeman. Very promising coal mines have been opened up by Daniel Maxey within three miles of the city. In 1883 the Union Pacific company graded a road to within 30 miles of Bozeman and bought many valuable coal mines in the vicinity. Eight miles east of this city the road owns 450 acres of promising coal mines. The output is 100 to 150 tons per day, and the entire quantity is used by the Montana Union railroad. The coal strike lays in a slope of a half circle around the eastern portion of the valley, one branch going up Bridger creek and around to the west, crossing the West Gallatin basin. These fields are probably the most extensive in the state.

Third in importance among Bozeman's resources is the mining. Little attention has been paid in the town to quartz mining. Nevertheless, west of the town, at the base of the range, very promising silver ores have been found, and Walter Cooper is working lead ore successfully near the city. In the West Gallatin basin fine copper ores have been discovered, while 20 miles west of Bozeman tin ore has been found that is said to size up well with the Cornwall ore. The tin is attracting much attention at present. Assays by eminent chemists show 15 per cent. tin. In the same district, the Cherry Creek, silver ore is extracted. The Red Bluff is 33 miles west of Bozeman, while the Pony and the Sixteen Mile mines are not far away.

The lovely little town that is the center of all these resources contains about 4,000 inhabitants who rank among the most public spirited residents of the Northwest. Business men draw a good trade not only from the surrounding farmers, but from the mining camps around the town. The lumber camps also turn a good deal of money into the town. There are ten steam saw mills and one water mill within twenty-five miles of the town.

The citizens are prosperous, have the utmost confidence in the surrounding resources and in the great future of Bozeman. Every year improvements are made that indicate permanence, stability and enterprise. A hotel that is, with one exception, not surpassed for beauty and comfort in the Northwest; an opera house that is one of the prettiest between St. Paul and Tacoma, and is owned by the city; a splendid sandstone church edifice, and numerous fine business blocks, mark Bozeman's progress in the past two or three years.

Occasionally somebody dies in Bozeman. Old residents tell of people who have died there of old age, and once a man committed suicide in this town. The undertaker's business, however, is not an eminently successful one. The town, situated one mile east of where the Bridger pass enters the Gallatin valley, and at the mouth of the Bozeman pass, has naturally a perfect drainage system. The fall is about 45 feet to the mile. Under such conditions, together with the purest air on earth, and mountain water, the city could not be otherwise than healthy if it tried. There is no provision for a health officer in the city government, there are no mortality statistics to be obtained, and in Bozeman a death is an event.

Bozeman has one of the finest systems of water works. The reservoir is three and a half miles from the city and holds 1,500,000 gallons. The arrangement is such also that 2,500,000 gallons can be drawn from a dam in the main stream, which comes a half mile from the main spring, 1,050 feet above the city. The reservoir is 255 feet above the town. The source is Lyman creek. The water reaches the city with such a pressure as to dismay any fire.

An electric light plant illuminates the city and an electric street railway furnishes ample traveling facilities within the city. Green fields surround the town from spring until fall. Splendid drives through the lovely valley bring one at a distance of six to ten miles to a half dozen picturesque passes, unfolding the most rugged mountain scenery. There is a tourists' road from Bozeman to Yellowstone park, there being from the first mile of the proposed route the grandest scenery on the continent. The distance to the upper geyser is 85 miles. The road will be along the west Gallatin, a stream abounding in trout and grayling.

With its lovely scenery, its sunny skies, its bracing air, its green fields and pure mountain streams, Bozeman fills completely the apt designation of Col. R. G. Ingersoll, "a dimple on the face of nature." Bozeman was one of the first of the seven cities to enter the capital race. It is energetic as well as ambitious, and it has friends all over the state.

BOULDER.

In the days when Virginia City, Bannack and Helena constituted about all there was of Montana and a stage line connecting these towns supplied the service of the railroads of to-day, there was a little stage station in Boulder valley on the banks of the Boulder river. The stage drivers on the weary journey from Helena to Virginia City, used to crack their whips in joyful anticipation as they approached this gem among the mountains. They used to say they could get at this station the best meal in Montana, and that it was the most delightful place on the whole stage road for an hour's rest. The station grew in the early sixties, and, after the lovely valley in which it was located and the beautiful stream on whose banks it stood, it was called Boulder.

As the years went by, Boulder became a place of much more importance than a stage station. Settlers gradually found that around Boulder was one of the choicest agricultural regions in the state. So there grew up at this point the thriving town of Boulder, admirably situated, prettily built up, and inhabited by 1,000 of Montana's most thrifty citizens. Boulder is in the race for the capital, but it is not going to be obnoxious about it. If any town wants it worse, it can have it. But the county seat of Jefferson county is advertising itself modestly and is willing to accept the honor. Boulder is confident that if the honor is thrust upon her, she will wear it gracefully and gaily.

Boulder is not incorporated. It has never been a village, a town or city. It has never had any local officials. Being the seat of the county it has found the county government all sufficient. It has splendid water, pure air, unadulterated sunshine, and fresh vegetables all summer long. While agriculture and gardening constitute the chief resources of Boulder, there are plenty of mines round about. Very near are Wickes, Comet and Elkhorn, all mining points, which are supplied from Boulder. This summer a smelting plant has been built, which finds plenty to do in treating ore from neighboring mines and gives employment to a good many men.

One of Boulder's chief prides is the Boulder hot springs, situated two and a half miles from town. The springs are medicinal, perennial and refreshing, and hundreds of people from Butte, Helena and all Montana visit them during all seasons of the year.

Among Boulder's picturesque buildings are the First National bank, the Wickes block and the Parchen & Morris block. Its schools are among the best in the state, its churches are well attended, the residences are pretty, the yards are clean and grassy; and while some stronger rival may carry off the capital prize, there is not one of them all that can surpass Boulder in loveliness.

BUTTE.

Twenty-eight years ago, the cabins of a few placer miners dotted the acres which are to-day the site of the city which has proved to be the center, the heart and the life of Montana.

Butte is the foremost city in the state. It is first in resources, first in its aggregate of business, first in the amount of contribution made annually to the world's wealth, first in the glory of its possessions, in the magnitude of its transactions and in the scope of its undertakings.

They call Butte the greatest mining camp on earth; it merits the distinction. They say of Butte that it is the most prosperous city on the continent; Butte can prove it by its bank accounts, by the showing its merchants can make, by the grand totals at the offices of its mining and smelting companies, by the manner in which its people live, by the thrift of its mechanics, and by the ready cash that jingles in the pockets of its well-paid and well-kept miners and working men.

Butte is unique. It is progressive—it is not easy for a dull man to keep up with the procession in Butte. During a dozen prosperous years millions on millions have been lifted to the surface from the stopes and levels of the mines that encircle the city like a coronet, and there are millions more to come—it has been demonstrated that, out of scores of splendid properties, a single mine is ascertained to have at this moment so vast a body of rich ore in actual sight that it can make a daily delivery of 3,500 tons and keep it up for nine years to come.

From scattered cabins in 1864, Butte has grown to be a community of 22,000 souls. To-day Silver Bow county has within its borders nearly one-fifth of the population of the entire state. Butte is not only the nearest of all the aspirants for the capital to the center of population, but it is the acknowledged railroad center of the state; it has four railroads which make the city more available from all points of the compass than any rival city can claim to be.

Forty-six trains leave or arrive at the various depots every twenty-four hours, of which twenty are passenger and twenty-six freight. These trains, it is estimated by the Butte ticket agent, carry on an average 1,400 people per day in and out of the city. The freight business of the city amounts to $3,000,000 per annum, which is slightly in excess of the figures for Anaconda, and which, with Anaconda excepted, is greater than that of all the rest of the state combined. To the people living in the vast region of country tributary to the Northern Pacific and east of the station of Logan, Butte is three miles nearer and can be reached more easily than the present temporary capital, which fact disposes of one of the most conspicuous advantages claimed by the latter city.

As to the permanence of Butte's resources there exists very little need of elaboration, as the constantly increasing silver bullion and copper matte shipments afford convincing evidence of the wonderful wealth of the mines, supplemented and demonstrated by the immense amount of money expended in mining and reduction plants, and in costly business blocks and handsome private residences. Although the city has been growing since 1877, the building boom this year is greater than ever and the value of central real estate higher than ever. It is estimated that the brick buildings constructed or under construction this year will aggregate in cost not less than $2,000,000, there not being a single block within a radius of a mile from Main street upon which building mechanics are not at work.

Butte has wider diversity of industries than any other city in the state. The building trade gives employment to hundreds of men, while freighting, machine shops, foundries, the lumber trade, mercantile occupation and the professions keep an army of men active. Butte is well furnished with hotels—in this respects the changes that have been wrought in recent years are astonishing.

The city has good schools, under the best of supervision, it has its full quota of churches. The city has several famous social clubs, each occupying quarters that are elegantly fitted up. The city of Butte is distinguished for its hospitality toward friends and its cordial treatment of strangers. As for amusements, the city has a spacious opera house, and the liberal patronage accorded by the city brings to Butte a large share of the leading attractions on the American stage.

Butte's newest acquisition is its public library for the building of which $50,000 is to be expended. The fund for the purchase of books is ample and the selection will be made with the strictest care. The city is well provided with gas and with electric light. It has a cable line to two of its suburbs and an electric street car service makes the circuit of the city.

Butte is the life of this state's labor interests. In the city are 8,320 men who are members of unions representing organized labor. Put in one comprehensive total, the claim set up in Butte's behalf is that it contributes $19,000,000 to the world's wealth once every twelve months; that is a record which no other city of one hundred thousand people in the United States can match.

Butte makes up in energy, productiveness and push whatever it may lack in lawn and shrub and shade. It is afflicted with sulphur smoke, but it insists that the fumes would be salutary in their effect on those who make their headquarters at the permanent seat of government, and Butte is in the race for the capital.

DEER LODGE.

Everybody who has visited Warm Springs remembers the tall mound, of volcanic formation, from which the warm waters issue. When the white man reached this place he found the mound styled by the Indians "white tail deer lodge." The entire valley was a favorite haunt of the white tail deer, and although it is doubtful whether the animals ever had any use for the hot water the Indians in their quaint and picturesque language gave the mound the name mentioned, the little eminence bearing to their minds a resemblance to a lodge. The valley came to be called by the settlers Deer Lodge valley, and when in 1864 a town was started in one of its prettiest spots the name Deer Lodge was appropriated.

Leon Quesnell, a Frenchman, was the first settler on the present site of Deer Lodge. He came in 1862 and built himself a shack, which is still standing on a piece of ground owned by Thomas Stuart. Quesnell soon had a few neighbors, and they called the place Cottonwood, on account of the many trees of that species which lined the banks of the river. In 1864 Col. Walter W. De Lacy surveyed and platted the place in the interests of the Deer Lodge Townsite company, of which James Stuart and Walter B. Dance were the leading spirits. Subsequently entry was made and the lots were placed on the market.

Deer Lodge was established as the county seat of Deer Lodge county in 1866, previous to which year the old town of Silver Bow had held that honor. The first court was held in a building which now forms the rear part of James McMaster's saloon. In 1867 a court house was erected, to be replaced in 1886 by the present modern and beautiful structure. In the year 1870 the town took a great stride forward. Work on the penitentiary was begun and the erection of many stores and dwellings speedily followed. The prison was built by the United States and was donated to the territory of Montana by which it was shortly afterwards returned to the United States, the United States entering into a contract to keep and maintain all territorial convicts, first at $1.00, then at 85 cents, then at 75 cents per capita per day. The prison grounds comprise twenty acres, which, together with the buildings erected thereon at the time, became the property of the state of Montana on the proclamation of the president admitting Montana to the union. This penitentiary was the only one acquired by the newly admitted states. This was effected by Gov. Joseph K. Toole, then delegate to the house of representatives, he inserting a clause in his bill for the admission of Montana which provided that the United States penitentiary located at Deer Lodge was to become the property of the new state, upon its admission to the union. The first prisoners were received on July 2, 1871. There are now upwards of 300 convicts confined in the prison.

The Utah & Northern railroad was completed through Deer Lodge in 1883, and the town witnessed renewed life and activity. Good homes were built and private property owners took delight in beautifying their places with trees, shrubbery and lawns. The streets are spacious, those extending north and south being 100 feet in width and those running east and west have a width of 80 feet. Here are found some of the handsomest residences in the state. That of S. E. Larabie is a model of elegance and beauty. Dr. A. H. Mitchell has recently erected a magnificent dwelling, and among other houses remarkable for the attractiveness of their architecture and the excellence of their furnishings may be mentioned the Bielenberg residence, and the homes of Messrs. Hyde, Coleman, Kohrs and Bonner. The West Side club of Deer Lodge is a first-rate organization of its kind, its quarters are commodious and charmingly furnished.

Within the past year Deer Lodge has been provided with a model electric light plant. It has an excellent system of water works. Its picnic grounds are noted throughout the west side. It is the location of that noble institution, the College of Montana, and also of St. Mary's academy, and other excellent schools, together with five churches. The population of Deer Lodge, according to the census of 1890, was 1,463. Tributary to the city is a rich agricultural district.

HELENA.

As far as is known, the first white men to set foot on the spot where Helena now stands were Reginald Stanley, better known as "Bob" Stanley, an Englishman, and John Cowan, John Crab and D. J. Miller, three Americans. It was quite by accident that the rich gulch, afterward known as Last Chance, in which Helena is situated, was discovered. Stanley and his companions had been mining in Alder gulch (Virginia City). Failing to get rich as rapidly as they wished, they concluded to try their luck elsewhere, and loading a wagon with provisions, tools and other articles necessary for a prospecting tour, they started out with the Kootenai country as their objective point. One night they camped in a small gulch, a tributary to the Prickly Pear, and like all gold hunters they brought out their pans and began to prospect the gravel.

The placer did not appear very promising, yet for all that they found colors, but not in sufficient quantities to pay, or at all events not enough to satisfy them. The next morning they broke camp and crossing the range went down to Hell Gate river, between the present cities of Deer Lodge and Missoula, intending to strike the Kootenai mines as speedily as possible. Here they met John Coleman and party, who were just returning from the Kootenai. They reported the mines worked out and said they were on their way back to "Old Alder," which was good enough for them. The two parties camped together for the night and the next morning they separated, the Coleman party heading for Alder gulch, while Stanley and his companions could not quite make up their minds what to do. They were supplied with "grub" enough for three months and were in no hurry to get back to Alder gulch, and after talking over matters they concluded to prospect until their supplies gave out and then, if they found nothing, they would go back to Virginia City for the winter.

After this conclusion they started on the back track and, prospecting along the Little Blackfoot, crossed the main range of the Rockies near where the Mullan tunnel now is. They then prospected up Seven Mile creek and the Dearborn, Marias and Teton rivers, finding gold in all of the streams, but not in paying quantities. The gulch on the Prickly Pear they declared to be their "Last Chance." They determined to visit it again and prospect it more thoroughly and if they found nothing they would pull out and without further loss of time get back to Alder gulch as soon as possible.

It was July when these men again found themselves in the little gulch and named it "Last Chance." Camp was pitched near where the First National bank now stands and before darkness came two holes had been sunk to bedrock and in each gold was found in paying quantities. Some of the gold was fine, while much of it was coarse and pieces the size of half dollars were found in large numbers. The news of the rich diggings spread fast and soon the four discoverers found themselves joined by other seekers after fortunes and quite a number of tents and brush wikiups dotted the gulch. The first house, a one-room log cabin, to be built in the gulch was erected in September; the second was built above it by "Bob" Stanley and the third was put up in the same month by G. J. Wood.

By Oct. 5 cabins had been erected in the future city. About this time Capt. James L. Fisk's party, or Minnesota train, arrived in Prickly Pear valley, and also Captain Holmes' party. Captain Wood, the owner of the third house in Last Chance, induced quite a number of the "tenderfeet" to remain, but the most went to the mines in Prickly Pear, which at that time were supposed to be tremendously rich. They, however, shortly afterward returned and cast their fortunes with the men of Last Chance. The camp continued to grow until it had finally assumed such proportions that its inhabitants decided they were a town and as such should have a distinct name. Such names as "Ragtown," "Squashville," "Pumpkin City" and others equally suggestive were proposed but none were received with favor. Among the names were two, however, that pleased a great many. Helena and "Tomoh" were the exceptions and it was decided to submit them to a vote of the people. The name "Helena" was selected, although at that time it was pronounced He-le-na, the accent being on the second syllable.

During the following winter 115 cabins were erected, and in February, 1865, Scott's addition to the original town plot was surveyed. The original town plot was laid out in October, 1864, when an election was held to elect three commissioners to lay out the town and formulate rules governing the preemption and holding of claims. Captain Wood, H. Bruer and C. S. Cutler were elected as such commissioners. From now on Helena grew rapidly, its population constantly increasing by the addition of arrivals from the East and from Alder gulch and others of the older camps, the mines of which were beginning to "play out." In lieu of any form of organized government the camp, or "city," as it was now called, was governed by a sort of executive council composed of merchants, bankers and other solid, substantial business men, who directed all the affairs of the "city."

On February 22, 1881, the act of the legislature granting a charter to Helena received the executive approval, and on March 7 of the same year the question of its approval or rejection was submitted to the people and the charter was adopted by quite a handsome majority. On April 8 the first election under the charter was held.

Although less than a quarter of a century has passed since the day when the first prospect hole was sunk where Helena now stands, the change which has taken place since then is, indeed, but little short of the marvelous. Instead of a struggling camp Helena is now a city which is a credit to the state. Located on the eastern slope of the main range of the Rockies at an altitude of 4,266 feet, it overlooks the beautiful and fertile Prickly Pear valley that surrounds it to the east, while the majestic Rockies rear their peaks to the west. Helena is a pleasant and attractive little city. It is no longer the prosperous, bustling Helena it was years ago before it had competitors in Butte, Anaconda and the many other prosperous thriving cities, large and small, that have sprung up throughout the state during the last decade, yet it is one of the interesting cities of Montana.

It is the loyalty of Helena's own people and their pride of locality that makes the Helena of to-day possible. Whether those two very commendable traits will be sufficient to keep up a city for all time remains to be seen. The present population of the city is estimated at about 15,000, but it is extremely doubtful whether it contains within 1,000 of that number. In a business way Helena is dull; it is the testimony of citizens of Helena themselves that, with a very few exceptions, none of its merchants or other business men are making even fair returns upon their investments. The center of this state's activity has moved away from Helena.

Beauties of Country Life.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"This ideal country life the poet and fiction builders prate about is a humbug," said W. C. Moore to a *Globe-Democrat* man in the rotunda of the Southern. "One would suppose by reading those beautiful idyls that life in the country was one never-ending round of ecstatic bliss; but it isn't. I filled up with that class of literature and longed for country life. I wanted to inhale the fragrance of new-mown hay and fall pippins—to be awakened mornings by mocking birds singing in the apple tree under my window, to go out and wade around barefoot in the dew and listen to the soft lowing of the kine. The spell is broken; the charm has lost its potency. In the summer you are stifled with dust, and in the winter you stick fast in the mud. Your morning mocking bird is a jackass with lungs like a Stentor, and when you attempt to paddle around in the dew the knife grass saws your toes off. You are cut off from theaters and libraries, and the village choir sets your teeth on edge. You can't get a fresh steak without killing a whole cow, and the best butter is shipped away to feed the bloated epicures of the city. Your morning paper reaches you at sundown, and you sneak up a back alley and absorb warm beer from a bottle instead of having it slid down a mahogany bar in an iced schooner. Excuse me, I have had enough of the Arcadia business. Doubtless country life has a charm, but I failed to find it. The city is good enough for me."

DECLINE OF THE BARBECUE.

Where the Political Orator Used to Shine in All His Glory.

From the Chicago Herald.

The barbecue of to-day bears little resemblance to the outdoor love feast of half a century ago. In those days they were not such monster gatherings, were more orderly and had a distinct political end. There were no side shows to distract the attention of the crowd, no noisy fakirs to disturb the speakers and no such confusion and general cussedness as distinguishes the general character of to-day's gatherings. Old Colonel Wilson, who 60 years ago helped to clear away the forest and brush where the town of Shelbyville now stands, the other day talked quite interestingly of the old hard cider barbecues in the days of "grandfather's hat." They were given by both parties in every county in the state. There were no great crowds, for there were no railroads to bring them. The farmers drove in with their families, for miles around, and in those days a crowd of 1,500 or 2,000 was a big one. The farmers chipped in and contributed the beeves, the sheep and the hard cider; the county committee took charge of the arrangements, and when the feast was on there was nothing thought of or discussed but politics. After the provender had disappeared came the speaking. There was only one stand and usually only one or two distinguished speakers from abroad. Home talent supplied the rest. Everything was quiet and orderly, and by sundown the grounds were deserted and the happy farmers were driving home filled with enthusiasm and hard cider. Colonel Wilson, though a lifelong democrat, says the whigs gave the most satisfying barbecues in 1840. They had the most enthusiasm, the most earnestness and aggressiveness, and the most rugged simplicity. On the other hand the Van Burenites, like the republicans of to-day, were on the defensive. The democratic party then was the party of the government, the party of monopolists and the favored classes. There was not a barbecue given in Indiana in 1840 that "gold spoons in the White house" did not form a text for the speakers.

Usefulness of Church Bells.

From the London Daily News.

What need for church bells in this age of cheap clocks and watches? A Birmingham gentleman who propounds this question has been at the pains to test the actual utility of a bell which the sexton of his parish church is given to ringing with painful perseverance. On several successive Sunday evenings he has taken note of the actual effect of this method of promoting punctual attendance at worship with the following results: For the first few minutes after the commencement of the ringing no one appeared. About 10 minutes later people began to slowly filter in, the advance guard being led by three little maidens of immature age, who had the sacred edifice all to themselves for at least ten minutes. For the space of twenty minutes there were not above a dozen people in the church, most of whom were children. At twenty-five minutes after they began to hurry up; in the next five minutes, when the bell stopped, sixty-five had passed in and they continued doing so for another thirty minutes, when an equal number entered the sacred edifice. Upon another occasion this patient observer notes that from the time the bell commenced till it ceased about seventy persons went in, whereas in the succeeding fifteen minutes as many as one hundred and twenty entered, or nearly double the number who had gone in previously to the stopping of the bell.